

79

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ADVERTISEMENT.

As it may perhaps be imagined, that the uncommon, but deserved success, which the Drawing-Book of Master Angelo has met with, has so far prevailed on my vanity as to prompt me to appear among young gentlemen and ladies as an author, a few words must be allowed me to explain my motives for its publication.

Being the oldest scholar in a very large and capital school, it would be a disgrace to me, were I not superior in knowledge and experience to the younger part of them. Our master having been pleased to offer premiums for eighteen of the best Drawings, I was unanimously pitched on to be the judge of their merits.

I have endeavoured to execute this task to the best of my abilities, and with the utmost impartiality, since I always took care not to know the name of the artist, till after I had given my opinion. The merits of a few little artists sometimes so nearly approached each other, that I was at a loss to determine to which I

ought to give the preference. In this case, fearful of giving a wrong judgment, I had always recourse to Master Angelo, who generally, in less than five minutes, made me perfectly sensible of every beauty and defect. I mention this as a public acknowledgment due to that inimitable young gentleman.

Nothing further remains to be said, than that these eighteen Drawings obtained a premium over near three hundred others. I publish them by desire ; and all to which I have to lay claim, is the credit of being a faithful editor. I have not altered a single stroke in any of the Drawings ; though I have taken

great freedom with the memoirs annexed to them, altering the language, and even the sentiments of some of them.

P. P. RUBENS, P. P. A.

CONTENTS.

No. I.

	Page.
THE MOUSE-TRAP. <i>By Master Hayman</i> ...	1

No. II.

A BATTLE-SCENE. <i>By Master Broughton</i> ...	7
--	---

No. III.

A WINTER-PIECE. <i>By Master Vandyke</i> ...	15
--	----

No. IV.

RURAL SIMPLICITY, A LANDSCAPE. . <i>By</i> }	... 21
<i>Miss Grignon</i>	

No. V.

THE TAKING OF THE BIRD'S NEST. <i>By</i> }	... 23
<i>Master Avis</i>	

CONTENTS.

No. VI.

	Page.
THE IDLER. <i>By Master Johnson</i>	36

No. VII.

THE SHADOWIST, A FANCY-PIECE. <i>By</i> }	...	44
<i>Master Zoffani</i>		

No. VIII.

THE WASHING OF THE LIONS AT THE }	...	50
TOWER. <i>By Master Green</i>		

No. IX.

THE JUDGMENT OF AREOPAGUS. AN }	...	57
HISTORICAL PIECE. <i>By Master Cle-</i>		
<i>ment</i>		

No. X.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD. <i>By</i> }	...	63
<i>Master Adam</i>		

No. XI.

A DOG. <i>By Master Lane</i>	69
------------------------------------	----

No. XII.

THE TRUANT-PLAYER. <i>By Master</i> }	...	75
<i>Thoughtful</i>		

No. XIII.

	Page.
THE TEMPLE OF FAME. <i>By Master</i> } ...	82
<i>Ravenet</i>	

No. XIV.

HUNTING THE CAT. <i>By Master Nimrod</i> ...	89
--	----

No. XV.

A TIME-PIECE. <i>By Miss Prudence</i>	96
---	----

No. XVI.

THE LOTTERY. <i>By Master Rubens</i>	103
--	-----

No. XVII.

LEAP-FROG. <i>By Master Godfrey Kneller</i> ...	111
---	-----

No. XVIII.

THE DREAMER, A FANCY-PIECE. <i>By</i> } ...	117
<i>Master Dormer</i>	



The Picture-Exhibition.

NUMBER I.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

By Master Hayman.



I DOUBT not but many little Masters and Misses will be at a loss to tell what this Picture means ; I will

therefore give them an ample description of it.

Master Harry Lightfinger was an amiable boy in many respects : he was good-natured and affable, was very constant to his book, and seldom quarrelled with any one ; but then he had one fault, (and we are very ready to allow, that he must, indeed, be a good boy, who has only one fault,) and this was, that of being too selfish, and contriving to eat in private any little dainty which fell in his way, for fear any one should want part of it. This love of his belly carried him still further, and at last brought him into such disgrace, as to become the subject of a Picture, which exposed him to the ridicule of

every one who saw it. I will proceed to tell you how this happened.

This young gentleman had somehow or other got into great favour with the cook, from whom he received many little nicknacks, which the rest of his school-fellows seldom tasted. This encouragement made him a constant visitant of the kitchen, where he was oftener found than any other of his school-fellows. This raised a little kind of jealousy among the rest of the young gentlemen; and though they bore him no ill-will, they resolved to play him an innocent trick, to shame him if possible from spending that time among women in a kitchen, which ought to be employed in the more manly amusements of cricket, trap-ball, or leap-

frog. They soon effected this scheme ; for without his knowing it, in less than a week after, he one morning entered the school with a dish-cloth hanging to his tail, which raised a loud laugh from every one, and even his master had much difficulty to keep his countenance.

Though he was much laughed at in the school, he was pitied in the kitchen, where he received more favours than ever, and was frequently left there by himself with the pantry unlocked. Mrs. Cook had once or twice given him a few preserved plums, which increased his desire for a few more. He one night observed her take some of them out of the jar, and put them in a plate for the next day's use ; but before she

had well finished, being called away in haste, she ran out with the candle in her hand, and in her hurry threw down a mouse-trap, which had been baited and set on a shelf above. Unluckily the trap fell among the plums, and still more unluckily, did not go off.

No sooner was the cook out of the kitchen, than Harry ran into the pantry in the dark, and thrusting his forefinger and thumb into the mouse-trap instead of the jar, it instantly went off, and caught him fast. Unable to disengage himself, he sung out loudly, when the master, mistress, cook, scullion, and ten or a dozen of his school-fellows, ran down to see what was the matter, when they found poor Harry roaring and

dancing about the kitchen with the trap hanging to his fingers. This, indeed, has cured him of spending his time in the kitchen ; but, so long as he remains at school, he will go by the name of *Trap-fingered Harry*.

Let this teach all pretty little boys not to be selfish, or to take too much pains to procure those dainties which can please but for a moment. They should learn to confine their wishes within bounds, and be contented with whatever is given them, lest a different conduct should bring them into a disgrace like that of this unfortunate boy.

NUMBER II.

A BATTLE-SCENE.

By Master Broughton.

THIS Picture represents what too often happens : the most intimate friends, when they quarrel, seek more than indifferent persons to injure

each other. Tommy Thoughtful and Jacky Prudence were the most intimate friends of any in our school. They told each other all their secrets, were constantly together, and, if either of them fell under the discipline of the rod, (which you know will sometimes happen to the best of us,) the other seemed, as it were, desirous of taking part of his lashes.

These two cronies made one morning an agreement to go out on a foraging scheme in the afternoon, which happened to be a holiday. Tommy said he knew of a fine orchard, which was some distance from any house, and where he was sure they might get a good stock of apples without fear of a discovery.

“You know, (said Tommy,) I

never *flinch* ; and, if we cannot get them clear off, but are taken in the attempt, I will not desert you, but will stay and take a share in the *beating*.”

Matters were soon agreed on, and they shook hands accordingly. They met at the time appointed, and proceeded on their expedition. When they came to the place of action, Master Tommy climbed up into a very high elm-tree to see if the coast was clear, and what part most accessible. He observed that the enemy were off their guard, not one person being near ; and that on one side of the orchard there was a considerable breach in the wall, through which they could easily enter.

Tommy instantly came down, and

communicated his observations to his companion, when, without loss of time, they entered the fortress, no one being near to oppose them. No boys in the world could be happier than they were; they climbed up into the first tree they came to, and instantly fell to work.

They very wisely concluded, first to fill their bellies, and then their hats, which they would carry off for a future repast. So that, in case they should be intercepted in their retreat, and taken prisoners, what were in their bellies could not be produced as witnesses against them; and as they knew, if discovered, they should come in for a sound drubbing, they concluded that they should not then be drubbed for

nothing. However, fortune befriended them, for they filled both their bellies and their hats, and got off undiscovered.

After having got out of the enemy's territories, they sat down under a wide-spreading oak to divide the spoils ; but, unfortunately, there happened to be among the apples one much more pleasing to the eye than any of the rest. Now, who was to have this? Master Tommy insisted on it that it was his right, because he had proposed the expedition, and pointed out the scene of plunder. Master Jacky said it was undoubtedly his right, because he ventured to climb to the very top of the tree to get it, and trusted to a

bough, which was hardly strong enough to bear a rook.

Words could not settle the dispute ; they therefore resolved to fight for it. Accordingly the apples were laid aside, and at it they went. At this instant, a shepherd's boy, who happened to be very near them, and who had seen and heard all without being seen himself, while the young gentlemen were fighting, came up very gently, and carried off, through a hedge, both hat and apples.

Master Jacky proved too strong for his antagonist, who soon gave in and resigned all claim to the apple in dispute. But how great was their surprise when they found both apples and hats vanished, and how cruel their

mortification at being obliged to return home drowned in tears! The consequence of all this was, the shepherd's boy carried the hats and apples to the man whom they had robbed, who the next day produced them to their master, on which they were both soundly flogged.

Remember, my schoolfellows, the old proverb, *Honesty is the best Policy*, and that every one, soon or late, receives the punishment due to a bad action. Boys are very apt to consider themselves wiser than others when they obtain any thing by craft and cunning; but what I have just related should convince them, (besides a thousand other instances that might be produced,) that nothing eats so sweet as that which is honest-

ly obtained, since, after the pleasing taste of it is gone, it leaves no bitter or disagreeable effects behind.

NUMBER III.

A WINTER-PIECE.

By Master Vandyke.



You have here a representation of a fine piece of ice, which affords so much pleasure to us young folk in that season of the year, and when

the trees are covered with snow instead of blooming leaves. Our master tells me, that in order to become a good artist, I must *feel* what I draw. If that advice is reasonable, I will not presume to doubt it ; then this must positively be the prettiest Picture in the world ; for never did poor boy feel so much as I did, while I was drawing it. Look at the Picture, and see poor me sprawling on the ice.

I remember a sentence, which has been often given me to copy in my writing-book ; *The wicked are caught in their own snares* ; and I can tell you, from woeful experience, that it is absolutely true. Had I not endeavoured to trip up the heels of another, it is very probable I should

not have fallen myself, nor have received such a blow, as almost separated my head, besides grazing my cheek, and bruising all the skin off one of my elbows.

Let me, therefore, advise you now, (for it is probable I may forget it myself as soon as I am quite well, (never to play any tricks on the ice, since the most dangerous consequences may attend it. How many boys have had their limbs broken, and made cripples all the rest of their lives, by being thrown down by their companions? And, since I am now in a humour for giving good advice, let me persuade you to observe the same conduct in your different sports all the year round.

You cannot have yet forgotten the

hard fate of Master Green, who was one day playing at leap-frog, when the boy, over whose back he was jumping, started up suddenly, (and out of sport, as he called it,) which threw the poor little fellow with great violence on the ground. Unhappily, he pitched on a great flint-stone, which deprived him of one of his eyes. You know he was intended for a clergyman; but this accident set it entirely aside.

However, to return to my own accident, as soon as I came home, my master took all the care of me imaginable, and said nothing to me of my intended mischief to another, till I was pretty well recovered. He then told me, as I had suffered pretty severely for my fault, he should not

beat me ; but, as some kind of punishment, he ordered me not to stir out that day, which was a holiday, till I had written some penitential verses.

This was worse than being beat. As there was no getting off, I wrote the following, in imitation of *Chevy-Chace* ; for that being a melancholy tune, I thought it best suited the occasion. If you choose it, you may sing the verses to that tune, or any other you like.

You pretty little children all,
Who see my doleful case,
'Take care that you do never fall
In such a naughty place.

The ice it was most hard indeed,
As hard as it could be ;
It made my little head to bleed,
And almost killed me.

I own that I most fondly tried,
Which was a naughty thing,
A boy, that on his legs did slide,
Down on his back to fling.

But I, alas ! was rightly paid,
Indeed in my own coin ;
For soon upon the ice I laid,
All wounded and forlorn.

Ah, wretched me, what have I felt !
My holiday half o'er !
From what a little mirth I meant,
I'm now left to deplore !

My little playmates, pray attend,
And heed what I do say ;
Your minds to mischief never bend,
But always show fair play.

NUMBER IV.

RURAL SIMPLICITY.

A Landscape. By Miss Grignon.



THE last time I had the pleasure of visiting my friends in the country was in the delightful month of May, when nature has so many charms to

please us. I have read in some of my little books, of the splendour and magnificence of courts; but, if I recollect right, I have likewise read, that happiness there consists only in appearance. I own I should like to be a fine lady; but then I should wish to be happy too.

During my short stay in the country, my mamma took me with her wherever she went. Sometimes we visited people of the first quality, where I observed so much formality and ceremony, that I dared not to eat so much as I choose of the nice tarts and custards, which I there met with. My mamma would often say to me, on our return home:—"I am glad, my dear child, to find that you can, upon occasion, fix bounds to

your appetite, and your desire for novelties ; though I do not wholly approve of those ceremonious restraints, which are practised in most polite companies, yet your behaviour on this occasion convinces me, that you have learned, even in your early years, how properly to conform yourself to others, in matters of no great consequence."

At other times we visited those enchanting villages, which surround the habitation of my parents. One evening we passed through a little place, where the houses were no better than huts ; not one of them, except that in which the clergyman lived, having a brick in them. I expected to find the inhabitants in as wretched a situation as those I

have read of, where giants and witches resided, who devour every thing wherever they come. I was, however, very agreeably mistaken.

In our way to this village, we crossed over the most delightful meadows, covered with innumerable flocks and herds, which were taken care of by shepherds and shepherdesses, who appeared as innocent as the flocks themselves; the swains, seated by the sides of the young women, were tuning their pipes to the most harmonious sounds, which were greatly heightened by the concert of innumerable birds, composed of larks in the air, nightingales, linnets, and goldfinches in the bushes, and blackbirds and thrushes, which hopped from twig to twig. On one

side of us ran murmuring streams, while the other opened to our view wide-extending prospects; and, when we reached the village, nothing but joy and gladness were to be seen, the inhabitants either dancing to their rustic music, or sitting in circles on the grass, and conversing together. It was from this pleasing original that I drew my Picture.

After having drawn the outlines of my Picture, and taken such minutes as were necessary for finishing it at my leisure, my mamma thus spoke to me : —

“ You see, my dear little daughter, that happiness is confined to no particular spot. It is every where to be found, if we will but take the trouble to seek it; and believe me,

we have not far to go for it, since it lies within ourselves. Do not despise those, who live in a poor and humble situation, for they often enjoy that peace and serenity of mind, which is frequently unknown to people in exalted stations. Here every thing is peace and quietness ; for they have no desires beyond the real necessities of life. They labour and they toil, and they reap the fruits of those toils and labours, in the gratification of every thing, which is in itself plain, simple, and frugal. The want of gilded carriages and numerous attendants gives them no uneasiness : they eat, when their appetites call for it ; they lie down, when they are weary ; they rise with the sun to pursue their labour, and, when that

is finished, they amuse themselves in a manner you now see. They even look down with pity on those people, who make their lives miserable in wishing for more."

NUMBER V.

TAKING THE BIRD'S NEST.

By Master Avis.

THIS Picture exhibits a very disagreeable scene, to which I was one of the unfortunate eye-witnesses ; and as I intend it as a warning to

such unthinking boys as I then was, I shall give the whole history of it.

About six of us being one day at play together, Billy Smart told us, that his father and himself had lately paid a visit to Lady Manning, who lived at the distance of about five miles; that he observed her garden was full of nests, for she suffered no one, on any account, to disturb those pretty inhabitants of her country retreat. We paid no regard to the humane dispositions of this lady; but, like all other naughty boys, made it our principal consideration, how we should get over the high wall, which surrounded her garden.

To be short, as the next Monday was a holiday, we unanimously agreed to meet early in the morning, and go

on this difficult expedition. We met according to agreement, under the great oak at the bottom of our lane, when one produced a large piece of bread ; a second, a piece of cheese ; and a third, part of a lump of butter ; a fourth brought the legs and wings of a fowl ; a fifth, the marrowbone of a leg of mutton ; and a sixth, a cag of small beer.

Thus provided, we set forward ; and after travelling about two miles, we agreed to a general repast. Accordingly, we all sat down on the grass, on which were spread the whole of our provisions. We were just going to fall to, when we espied farmer Jobson's old dog Growler running to us with full speed, looking horribly at us, and with his mouth

wide open. This frightened us terribly ; we all got up as fast as possible, and took to our heels, when Growler was left by himself to devour every thing at his leisure.

As soon as we were recovered from our fright, we collected all the money we had, which amounted to eight-pence three farthings, and this we laid out in bread and cheese at the next village we came to. This we ate, and washed it down with some water from a clear spring.

By the help of this, after making our way across ploughed lands, through bushes, and over hedges and ditches, (for we had not patience to keep the main road,) we at last arrived on the borders of our famous garden ; which we found surrounded by a

terrible high wall, and that defended by a ditch full of water.

I come now to the point. Billy Smart got up into a tree, in order to overlook the garden, and to endeavour to discover if any place was left open for us to get in at; but, alas! the bough gave way, he fell to the ground and broke one of his legs. This is too sorrowful a tale to dwell on; I shall therefore only observe, that we carried him as well as we were able, to the first house we could get at, where the greatest care was taken of him, and providentially, after some weeks of pain and confinement, he recovered. Permit me now to add a word or two by way of reflection.

It is much to be lamented, that

boys, generally speaking, are most fond of those kinds of diversions, which continually expose them to the greatest dangers. Indeed, I have frequently seen those, who have prided themselves, and extolled their own courage, on climbing to the top of a high tree, and there standing on a branch, which was hardly strong enough to support them.

Let me tell such young gentlemen that they are sadly mistaken; for true courage cannot be separated from prudence. He who exposes himself to unnecessary dangers, either through wantonness, or with a view to gratify some idle wish, is not only foolish and ridiculous, but angers that God who gave him life, with a view that he might preserve it,

and perform every end of his creation.

Before I conclude, permit me to observe, that boys who are fond of bird-nesting are often very cruel. Not content with robbing the old ones of their young, they frequently destroy the latter in the most barbarous manner, and that with the highest degree of pleasure ; but let them remember, that the Almighty hath made nothing in vain, and that he will certainly punish them, if they thus continue wantonly to destroy any thing to which he has given life. The youth who thus early accustoms himself to acts of cruelty, will, as he grows up, become callous to every tender reflection ; and we must not wonder, if we at last see him

guilty of those deeds from which
humanity will turn her eyes with
horror.

NUMBER VI.

THE IDLER.

By Master Johnson.

THERE are few calamities, to which little boys are liable, more fatal in their consequence than idleness. See how the poor little fellow in the

Picture lies rolling about under the shade of the trees, without being able to rouse himself to a sense of activity, and partake of the mirth of his playful companions.

Happy would it be for him, were this the only scene of his indolence ; but, alas ! he is in every thing the same. To rise in the morning is to him grievous, and he would at any time forfeit his breakfast for a few minutes' indulgence in his bed. The getting of his task is still worse than rising ; and this he seldom performs with any tolerable degree of satisfaction to his master, who has hitherto been unable to awaken him to a sense of his interest either by the most indulging or by the severest methods : all are equally ineffectual.

In every school there are always some boys, who will readily take advantage of the defects of others. Hence it is, that whenever he has either dumps or marbles, and is inclined to play, which is sometimes the case, he is presently joined by those, who know how to win them of him, which they are sure to do ; for he is too indolent to endeavour to arrive at perfection in any one game.

In the long winter-evenings, when the time becomes so grievous to those, who know not how properly to employ it, we generally amuse ourselves in reading the contents of our gilt-paper library ; while he, poor indolent youth, generally falls

into a sound sleep, and often interrupts us with, (as we call it,) sending his pigs to market.

It is worth while to enquire from what motive this indolence springs, as the cause of it, when known, may prove a lesson to others.—The misfortune is, his parents are rich : they cannot bear the thought that their only son should be liable to the same severity of treatment with other boys whose sole dependence must rest on the wisdom and knowledge they acquire, while at school. Hence perhaps it is, that we find so many gentlemen of fortune incapable of arguing on any subject, which requires literature to support it.

A little reflection would convince such parents, and such indolent child-

ren, that no doctrine can be more absurd. If industry is requisite in the dependent scholar, in order to acquire learning that may recommend him to the favour of the world, it is no less so in him that is independent, in order to qualify him for the company of the superior rank of people.

The indolent boy likewise exposes himself to many other inconveniences. His health suffers by it; and you generally see such boys of a pale, sallow complexion. The reason is obvious: for want of that exercise, which is taken by the industrious youth, nature is clogged in her operations, and numberless evils must ensue, such as head-aches, numbness of the limbs, loss of appetite, and

many other disorders, which might be mentioned.

I have somewhere read in one of my little books, as the observation of a great man, that if he saw a youth giving himself up to indolence and laziness, he considered him as a lost member to society, as a tree blighted at its first planting, which could never be brought to bear fruit. If he saw boys naughty or mischievous, he always concluded there were hopes of their growing wiser with age ; but whenever he saw the seeds of indolence had taken root, he gave up all hopes, concluding that nothing could spring from it but weeds, which were never to be eradicated.

To conclude, let me persuade all my little readers above all things to

avoid idleness. Solomon says it will cover a man with rags ; and I add, that it will render you contemptible in the eyes of your master, as well as draw on you the just censures of all good people. But the industrious youth, by acquiring a knowledge of books, and thereby making himself a fit member of society, will be eagerly embraced wherever he goes, his company will be courted by all ranks of people, and every one will strive to promote him, whom they are sure will do honour to their recommendation. Industry and idleness are equally the result of habit ; but they have this difference, (among many others,) in their consequences : the idle boy is ever wretched and dissatisfied with himself, while the

industrious youth, as well from self-approbation as the applause of his friends, is ever happy, cheerful, and contented.



NUMBER VII.

THE SHADOWIST,

A Fancy-Piece. By Master Zoffani.



THIS Picture represents a little boy frightened at his own shadow, and is applicable to those, who are discouraged by the trifling difficulties

they meet with in learning polite literature. They should always remember that there is nothing so difficult, which time and industry will not conquer.

The countryman in *Æsop's Fables* is a very good lesson for little boys and girls. His waggon stuck in a hole, and he called on Jupiter to help it out. "Thou fool, said Jupiter, whip thy horses, and put thy shoulder to the wheels; then call upon me, and I will help thee." We must not expect assistance from superior powers till we have done our endeavours to deserve it.

Little matters push youngfolks forward, and little matters frighten and stop them: they have not patience to think properly; and, if they do

not in a day accomplish the work of a month, they are too apt from thence to be disheartened, and give up all hopes of success. Thus they are frightened at their own shadows.

The Picture is likewise applicable to those, who, having been used to listen with pleasure to the stories of giants, witches, and hobgoblins, are terrified out of their senses, if they are left a moment by themselves. If a cat happens to jump from a chair in another room, they instantly conclude it to be some ghost or apparition, and every hair stands on end.

Those who have the care and education of children, should be very attentive to persuade them out of these ridiculous notions, since they tend not only to make them contempt-

ible in the opinions of people of understanding, but often prove very detrimental to their health ; and frequently, from vain frights of this nature, they receive such shocks, as they never get rid of all the rest of their lives.

Let little masters and misses but stick close to their books, follow the direction of their tutors, and be good and dutiful to their parents, they will then have nothing to fear, they will not be frightened at their own shadows ; they will be discouraged by no difficulties in the pursuit of learning, nor have the least to dread from the false apprehensions of ghosts, apparitions, witches, or hobgoblins.

These, as near as I can recollect, were the words my father made use

of, to break me of those silly notions, which my Picture is intended to remove. My father's maids and footmen, to shew their respect to their master, were always glad to get me into the hall on an evening, where they used to tell me such stories, I suppose in order to amuse me, as either kept me awake all night, or else filled my sleep with the most frightful dreams. I have since heard my father say, that parents should be cautious how they suffer their children to keep company with those, who, in the room of learning, knowledge, and experience, have only strong prejudices. I have long since laid aside those books, which tended to inspire false notions, and, by the directions of my parents, have sup-

plied their place with the *Juvenile Trials*, the *Poetical Description of Beasts and Birds*, the *Works of Master Angelo*, and a number of other little books sold by my good old friend, at No. 65, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

NUMBER VIII.

WASHING THE LIONS AT
THE TOWER.*By Master Green.*

I DREW this Picture from a real scene, of which I was an eye-witness. I made this sketch of it, not from any pleasure I received on seeing it,

but as an admonition for the rest of my school-fellows, that they may be on their guard how they hastily give credit to the pretensions of designing people, who, while they seem to study our amusement, and excite our curiosity, are only contriving how they may make themselves merry at our expense.

It happened that I paid a visit to one of my friends in the Tower of London on the first of April last; a day set apart from the rest of the whole year, in which the giddy and unthinking seem to claim a right of shewing their wit on those, who may not be so wise as themselves. While we were walking on the wharf, a harmless and inoffensive looking countryman came to the stairs, and

asked some of the watermen, how long it would be before the lions were washed. The hint was immediately taken, and they demanded a shilling, on condition of their shewing them to him directly. The money was paid, he got into the boat, when that and two others went out a little way from the shore. Then crying out, *Wash the lion*, they began splashing him with their oars in such a manner, that he had not a dry thread about him, to the no small satisfaction of his pretended friends then on the wharf, and a great number of spectators, from whom, on his landing, he received no other consolation, than that they hoped he would remember being made *an April-fool*. The conse-

quence of all this was, that the innocent countryman caught such a cold, as had like to have cost him his life, besides being some weeks confined to his bed.

To this, our usher tells me I should add the following reflections:—Young people should never indulge themselves in those diversions, which may prove detrimental to others; and that it is a mark of the greatest meanness to take advantage of those who may not have had the same opportunity of improving their knowledge, as we may perhaps have had. It is the greatest pleasure imaginable to people of exalted minds, to instruct the ignorant, and rectify their errors, as they thereby acquire far

greater honour, and more self-satisfaction, than they possibly can from exposing them. There are few people so ignorant, as not to be sensible to the voice of truth and reason, or not to see their own want of learning and experience when they are admonished and instructed with candor and good nature.

Our usher advises us, never to jest each other in such a manner, as may give the least room for anger or disgust. Such kind of sport generally breeds ill-will, and prevents that harmony prevailing among us, which it ought to be our constant study to support. The idle custom of making *April fools* cannot in the least add to the credit of any youth,

since there is no more ingenuity in it than is common to the very lowest class of people ; and the party, on whom the jest is put, naturally forms an aversion for those, who seemed to take pleasure in exposing his weakness. Let us, then, neither despise nor impose on those, whom our own vanity may induce us to consider as not so wise as ourselves. We may lay down this as a certain maxim, that there are none so ignorant, but that we may, some time or other, gather from them some kind of improvement. It is not the knowledge we may acquire from books, that should make us vain or conceited ; on the contrary, it should teach us humanity and universal

benevolence to all mankind. If this is not the case, be assured, that our learning is but a delusive shadow.

NUMBER IX.

JUDGMENT OF AREOPAGUS.

An Historical Piece. By Master Clement.



THIS Picture presents to your view Areopagus sitting in judgment, and condemning the Athenian youth, who used to divert

himself with putting out the eyes of his birds with the point of a needle.

We children, says our usher, are apt to be delighted with those kinds of sports, which ought rather to give us pain than pleasure. What satisfaction can we receive from tormenting a harmless fly, which never did us any injury? Who could imagine, that the agonizing motion of a little animal, (commonly called the *cock-chaffer*,) occasioned by a large pin being thrust through his tail, and suspended at the end of a bit of thread, should afford some boys so much delight, as from experience we find it does? These, and the cruelties exercised at the time of bird-nesting, are little, if at all, in-

ferior to the crime, for which the Athenian youth suffered death.

These actions are unworthy of those designed for the study of the polite arts: it may become those intended for butchers, but very badly suits those, who are born to be gentlemen. Areopagus concluded, (let us hope too hastily,) that the seeds of cruelty, when suffered to take root in the youthful mind, grow strong with age, when it will be impossible totally to destroy them. It was for this reason he condemned the youth, fearing, should he ever arrive at power, he might become the tyrant and scourge of mankind.

It is, however, too much to be feared, that those, who delight in torturing what never did them any

harm, will not scruple to gratify the most cruel revenge on those which may injure them. Nothing is a surer mark of a weak mind, than a love of cruelty, since it shews the person, who gives way to it, to be an utter stranger to every sentiment of pity and humanity, and tends only to convince every one, that they would if they had it in their power, take the same pleasure in torturing their fellow-creatures.

Boys should be cautious how they first give way to this sad failing, either through inclination, or bad example. Few are completely cruel on a sudden ; they arrive at that, as well as all other vices, only by degrees ; and though at first it may have filled their minds with some

kind of horror and remorse, yet, after repeated experiments, it will become natural and familiar: that boy, who at first shuddered on pulling off the wings of a fly, and then setting it at liberty, will at last with pleasure, like the Athenian youth, put out the eyes of all his birds with a needle.

The pleasure we receive at bull-baitings, cudgel-playing, and such like dangerous exercises, arises from the same cause: it is not from the skill of the players, that we receive so much delight, since those of our age are no judges of the matter; but from the probability that one of the combatants may receive some injury; and, unless that happens, at our return we have nothing to talk of. If

ambition is contemptible and dangerous, cruelty is more so.

These are the sentiments of our usher on this subject, and which ought never to be forgotten by all good boys. We may learn our books ever so well,—we may refrain from naughty words,—we may obey the commands of our master, in doing every thing he bids us, and yet if we give way to cruelty, at last be more dreaded than loved. Let us therefore, begin betimes to accustom ourselves to such diversions, as are in themselves harmless and inoffensive, and let us do all we can to persuade others to the same practice.

NUMBER X.

CREATION OF THE WORLD.

By Master Adam.

WHEN we cast our eyes around us, and survey the wonderful creation of the world, we are lost in admiration and amazement. How

long have I been about this little Picture! How much longer are the most expert artists in building a house! Many years are required to erect magnificent buildings, and whole ages to people new colonies; but the Almighty created every thing within the space of six days!

The sun, the moon, and the stars and all the firmament about us, were but the work of one day. O delightful sun, which callest forth my pretty flowers from the earth, affordest me light to pursue my studies, and sendest thy messenger the moon to guide my steps by night! Ye pretty little stars, whose twinkling commands my attention sometimes for whole hours, and at last leaves me in silent astonishment! all of you are the work of that great Creator.

When I look down on the earth beneath them, fresh matter of astonishment represents itself to me. What care has he taken for the preservation of ungrateful mortals. He has given them more than in reason they can wish for. The whole surface of the earth is covered with the most wholesome vegetables. Those they cannot eat themselves, serve as food for cattle, who make a proper return, either by taking off their hands the drudgery of labour, or furnishing their tables with the choicest meats.

For our use birds fly through the air, and fishes swim in the water, and these of innumerable kinds, so that we need not be cloyed with one sort, but enjoy that variety, which is so pleasing to our nature. The

innocent lamb not only supplies our table with the most delightful food, but even furnishes us wherewith to clothe ourselves, and thereby preserves us from the cold chilling blasts of winter.

The bosom of the earth abounds equally in her productions. Thence we collect the choicest and most valuable minerals; some of which serve for the most sumptuous ornaments, some for the different employments of mechanics, and others for the recovery of our health, when we have made too free with the delicacies of food. Here too are formed those terrible earthquakes, which God sometimes lets loose on his ungrateful people, who, in the midst of their felicity, often forget to whom they are indebted for them all.

The fanning zephyrs are by him formed to refresh us in the burning months of summer, the clouds are ordered to let fall gentle showers to keep up a perpetual verdure, brooks murmur to delight us, the sweet notes of the winged songsters fill us with joy and admiration, and every part of nature seems calculated for our happiness and pleasure.

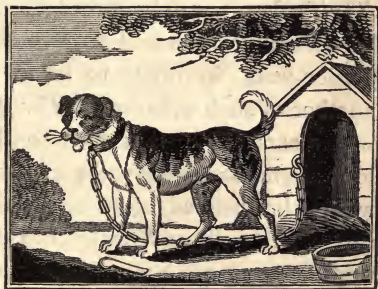
Let us then, my little companions, thank God for the tranquillity and plenty we enjoy, and let us not lose a moment of this short, but comfortable life in idle and unmeaning pastimes, but let us improve each other to the utmost of our power. Let us peruse those little books, which are written for our instruction and amusement, and from which we may

learn to be both wise and happy. In these we shall find all the knowledge and wisdom of the greatest philosophers, which are there handed down to us, not as thoughts collected together from mere imagination, but as indisputable truths confirmed by ages of experience, and warranted as just and faithful by the approbation of all good and virtuous people.

NUMBER XI.

A DOG.

By Master Lane.



THIS Picture is drawn from real life. It is an exact representation of my father's faithful dog *Thrifty*. By night he protects our house from

thieves, and by day attends his master through the most solitary lanes and roads, without leaving him the least fear from the attacks of highwaymen. And do not you think he is a pretty fellow?

The behaviour of this noble dog *Thrifty* deserves to be recorded. A housebreaker one night got over our garden-wall, in order to let in a number of such as himself. *Thrifty*, whose ears are always open to the least alarm, saw what was going forward: he sneaked close along the side of the wall, and, as soon as the thief was got quite over, he sprung upon him, without making the least noise. He first seized him by the flap of his coat; but that being old and rotten, it came quite off. The

thief then endeavoured to escape ; but *Thrifty* was not to be disappointed in that manner. He flew at him again, and caught him by the collar, with which he brought him to the ground.

I think I now see you all in a peck of troubles for the poor thief, and concluding that the dog tore him to pieces. Indeed, if you think so, you are mistaken ; for *Thrifty*, like a generous warrior, was contented with having taken his man prisoner, He offered him no further marks of violence ; but, having thrown him on the ground, he laid himself across his legs ; and, whenever the man endeavoured to creep away, he got up, growled at him, shewed him his teeth, and then returned to his post.

In this manner he lay till the morning, when two of my father's men went into the garden. They were surprised to see him lying on a man, without ever stirring off him till they came close up to him. *Thrifty* then got up, wagged his tail, and ran into his kennel. The thief confessed his intentions, and informed them of the fidelity of the dog. My father, however, on his promising to give over so wicked a course of life, set him at liberty, and ordered a new and warm kennel to be built for *Thrifty*, with a double allowance of clean straw for the future.

We may reason even from the example of brutes, since we frequently find among them that generosity and fidelity, which I am sorry to say are

often wanted among rational creatures, who, instead of doing their duty, only study how they shall deceive and betray.

We ought undoubtedly to shew every mark of tenderness to such a faithful dog as *Thrifty*; but I cannot speak much in the favour of those little brutes, which are oftentimes so much the delight of young ladies. When I see a little lap-dog reposing himself on a soft cushion and a mahogany chair, I cannot help calling to my mind, how many poor little boys and girls have hardly straw to lie on, and how many of them are fed on mouldy bread and the coarsest provisions, while these insignificant and useless puppies grow fat with indolence and the greatest delicacies,

even such as the middling sort of people never taste.

Would youngladies but reflect how many poor creatures are starving, humanity would undoubtedly tell them, that they were acting very improperly in pampering a little brute in that manner. If reason would not teach them better, at least their own security ought ; for there are instances of animals running mad by being fed with such rich provisions as nature had never intended for them, the consequence of which has been, that they have bitten the hand which fed them. Young ladies, throw away your lap-dogs, and give the bone to *Thrifty*.

NUMBER XII.

THE TRUANT PLAYER.

By Master Thoughtful.

I FEAR my Picture will not be so pleasing to my little readers, as it may be useful to them, if properly attended to. I own that I feel no

small share of concern for every unhappy little young fellow, when I see him exposed to the disgrace the hero of my Picture is condemned to suffer. What a pity it is that any boy should act in such a manner, as to be compelled to drag a log after him, and be the sport of all his schoolfellows!

This unfortunate boy, (for I must not on this occasion mention his name,) is possessed of an uncommon share of genius; and, when he sits down to his book in earnest, will learn as much in one hour, as the generality of boys can do in two. But then he is so fond of play that he knows not when to give over; and if any mischief is going forward, he is sure to be at the head of it. In this case, his books are totally dis-

regarded, and he often absents himself from school, without reflecting in the least on the punishment which will certainly follow it.

He is good-natured, affable, and obliging, and ever ready to shew his desire of serving another; and our master has often told him, that if he would but attend properly to his books, he doubted not but he should have the credit of making him one of the first scholars in the kingdom. But his unhappy disposition to play overturns every thing.

I doubt not but many other boys besides myself have taken notice, that at some time or other they have met with children, who were possessed of an uncommon genius, strength of memory, and most acute discern-

ment ; and yet, being so intolerably fond of play, have at their leaving school, turned out worse scholars than those, who went on at but a dull and plodding pace. The fault perhaps arises from the treatment they received in their infant years, when their parents indulged them in every thing they wished for, and suffered them to quit their book, whenever they preferred play to it.

I never shall forget the advice my father gave me on my first coming to this school. “ Remember, Tommy, that you have now but a few years to continue at learning, when you must quit the school, and enter the busy world. If you improve your time properly, you will all the rest of your life experience its happy effects ;

but if you idle away your time now, when you are grown up you will in vain repent it, and will have only the sorrowful consolation of admonishing others to be wiser. Above all, be sure never to play truant; for that is the forerunner of every thing which is bad. Boys are seldom guilty of this fault in order to spend a holiday by themselves. It frequently, and indeed generally arises from the persuasions of others. Be cautious therefore how you keep company with truant-players; for it is an old and a just proverb, *Evil communication corrupts good manners.*"

The boy who attends properly to his books, and listens attentively to the precepts of his master, enjoys the play which his leisure hours afford

him with a double satisfaction; while the pleasures of the truant player are perpetually interrupted by the alarms of an approaching punishment, by the apprehensions of the just censures of his master and parents, and by the insult and ridicule he must expect to receive from his school-fellows.

“ No one, (says an author in my little library,) is wicked all at once; we must be so by degrees. For wickedness carries with it such marks of deformity, that none but those, who have been by degrees accustomed to view it, can avoid being alarmed by them. The first step in the road of wickedness is truant playing; and when he has once made that familiar to him, he becomes fit for the worst

of company, and stops not till he reaches the fatal summit of wickedness.”

Be advised, my little readers, and never play truant, but, employ every moment of your lives in something which is useful. I mean not to debar you of those innocent sports, which are allowed you in your leisure hours ; they are usual and necessary ; but, above all things, never suffer an inclination for play to break in on your mind in those hours, which should be devoted to learning.

NUMBER XIII.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

By Master Ravenet.

You here see a temple so situated as to seem difficult of access; the road to it being a steep and craggy mountain, enough to frighten any

little boy to look at, were he told that he must get to the top of this mountain before he can enter the *Temple of Fame*.

Now the whole, which is meant by this Picture is, that before either little master or misses can become good artists, they must take a great deal of pains, must surmount difficulties, which at first view appeared impossible, and must fix a firm resolution of being conquered by nothing.

Ambition is the foundation of every thing which is great ; but here take care that you do not mistake for ambition many things, which deserve a worse name. When any one says to you, “ What a pretty boy you are ! ” or, “ never

was so beautiful a girl ! ” be a little angry with yourself, that they did not add to these marks of their applause, that you read prettily, or, (if a young lady,) that you worked at your needle admirably well ; that you would in time become a great artist, and that you would undoubtedly, one day or other, be an honour and a comfort to your parents.

There is no kind of ambition commendable in either little masters or misses, but that which arises from a desire to excel in such things as are truly commendable. Let us take Master Meanwell for our pattern. He goes to bed early, that he may rise soon in the morning : he at first washes his hands and his face,

combs out his hair, and then says his prayers. He constantly earns his breakfast before he eats it, either by imitating the drawings of some of the greatest masters, or learning something by heart, which his master may have given him for that purpose the preceding night.

So great is his attention to his books, that his parents or tutor are often obliged to drive him, as it were, to play ; and even then he is sometimes found in an obscure corner with some little book in his hand. Whenever he reads the character of any great person, his laudable ambition is frequently so raised, that he cannot help asking his mamma, if he shall ever become

so good and great as that person, whose history he had been then reading.

However, his ambition to become a great scholar and a good man does not make him either slovenly in his dress, or sour and ill-natured in his behaviour. His love of neatness is universally admired, and he has gained the hearts of every one by the sweetness of his manners. He never despises other little boys, because they may not know as much as himself; on the contrary, he receives the highest pleasure from instructing them in those things, of which he finds them ignorant. In short, when he is at play with his little companions, no one is

more gay and cheerful than he is. He can pitch a dump to the greatest nicety, knock a marble out of a ring to admiration, and whip a gig with the best boy that ever took one in hand. When he is at his book, no young gentleman could be more thoughtful and studious. Every one seems to agree that he at last must be either a judge, or a bishop.

It is very surprising how any little boy can place his ambition on fine clothes, since the most beautiful silks will fade ; gold and silver lace will tarnish, and the richest suits will in time become worthless ; but learning will accompany us even to the grave ; and,

while we live will procure us esteem and respect from every one, which time will not diminish, and of which no one can deprive us.

NUMBER XIV.
HUNTING THE CAT.

By Master Nimrod.



It is not long since the gentlemen, who live in the town where our school is, had been highly delighted with the sport afforded them by an

old cunning hare, which they hunted for some time before they could kill her. She gave them the slip several times, and thereby deluded the experience of her pursuers and the cunning of the little brutes who followed her.

The conversation which this everywhere occasioned about us, at last reached our ears, and attracted our notice. We all of us perfectly remembered that wise admonition of our masters, "Let your pastimes, though boys, resemble those of men." We perhaps remembered this more particularly as it seemed to countenance what we had in view, the hunting of a cat.

About ten of us, who were the principal actors in this scene, com-

municated our project of part of a day's fine sport to Master Michael Angelo, one of the leading young gentlemen in our school, and the celebrated author of *The Drawing-School for little Masters and Misses*. He entirely disapproved of the scheme, asking us what pleasure we could take in tormenting a useful and innocent brute, which had never offended us. We replied, that there could be no more harm in hunting a cat than a hare, and if gentlemen found so much pleasure in pursuing the one, why might not boys have an equal right to sport with the other? Finding we could not be persuaded to give up our sport, he wished us merry, and left us. Though we heartily desired to

have him for one of our party, yet we at last resolved to act like men, and not suffer one person, however respectable he might be, to prevent us from the noble project of acting like our elders. The next day was a holiday, when we were permitted to visit our friends ; and those among our schoolfellows, on whom we looked as true and trusty, were ordered to meet the next morning under a well-known oak, about a quarter of a mile beyond the school.

Every one met at the appointed time and place with the greatest punctuality, when we agreed to pursue the chase till noon, and then every one was to make the best of his way to his particular friends. This being agreed on, two or three

of the most intrepid and valiant among us were deputed to look out for game. These young gentlemen observed a great house at a little distance, and, not doubting but they might start something to their purpose, instantly set off.

To be short, they soon returned, one of them holding a fine large tabby cat by the skin of her neck and her tail, so that she was deprived of all her power of either biting or scratching. Highly delighted with this success, we agreed to give puss fair play, when we ranged ourselves in a line, and, ordering her to be let loose, opened the chase with a general shout.

This was in the middle of a very extensive field, and, as she ran very

quick, we must undoubtedly have lost her, had she not foolishly ran up into a tree. By this mistake of poor puss, we had time to come up with her, when we soon obliged her to trust to her heels for security, by discharging at her a volley of stones. Off she set again, and we pursued her shouting ; but, unfortunately for us she took to the road, and presently found shelter in a farmer's house. The farmer came out and told us, that the cat belonged to the justice of the peace ; and that, if we did not instantly give over the chase, we might probably be all sent to the house of correction. This so frightened us, that each made the best of his way, without taking leave of his companion.

The next day, the justice laid a formal complaint before our governor of the outrages his cat had received, and I, in particular so well remember the consequences of it, that while I live, I will never more be concerned in the hunting of a cat.

NUMBER XV.

A TIME-PIECE.

By Miss Prudence.

THIS Picture is drawn with a view to remind little Masters as well as Misses, that nothing is so rapid as time, and that when it is past, it is

in vain to wish to recal it. The old proverb says, '*Take Time by the forelock*;' hence, every figure we see of this venerable old gentleman has always a lock of hair hanging over his forehead, and a scythe in his hand; he is always represented flying, and has consequently a pair of wings.

To take Time by the forelock means no more than this, not to let a moment of our youthful days pass unemployed; the scythe, which he carries in his hand, serves to remind us, that time sweeps every thing before it, and that nothing can endure for ever; his wings tell us of the swiftness of his flight, which is so rapid, as hardly to permit us to view

it ; and the hour-glass shews, that time never stops.

How thoughtless must those little Misses be, who pass away one half of their time in sleep, and employ the other half, when up, to very little better purpose. Surely the conduct of Miss Thoughtful is much more commendable ; she seldom lies longer in bed than it is necessary for the cheerful rays of the sun to disperse the damp vapours of the morning. She then traverses the fields, and collects from the enamelled hedges all the most beautiful flowers which she there finds growing wild. These are not plucked up to be kept only a moment, and then thrown away ; for she carefully preserves them, and by the assistance of her

needle, or pencils and brushes, retains their forms and colours long after the flowers themselves are withered and decayed.

When the season will not permit her to enjoy this pleasure, she finds constant employment, at least for a few hours in the day, in either copying after nature, or imitating the productions of the most capital artists. She is the favourite of Master Angelo, and from her he received some of the capital drawings of birds, inserted in his *Drawing-School for little Masters and Misses*, and some other designs, which probably will appear hereafter.

During the heat of the day, every moment is busied at home, either in some important employment, or in

innocent amusements, which at the same time convey with them some kind of instruction. From a close application to those studies, which are the ornament of a young lady, she will frequently have recourse to her harpsichord, which, (when joined to the sweetness of her voice, resembling the warbling of the nightingale,) will sometimes make you forget yourself, and force you to fancy that you removed to those enchanting scenes of happiness, of which we read in our little books.

When the cheerful sun takes his leave to make room for night, many young ladies become weary and tired, and seem so sleepy, that they know not how to hold up their heads till bed-time. This is not the case

with Miss Thoughtful, who never grows weary herself till the proper time approaches, nor indeed can any one else in her company. While other little Misses gladly hear the sound of the clock, which calls them to rest, every one in her company wishes that time would stand still, and rather that it would go backward than forward. The many pretty stories which she has learned, (not of spirits and hobgoblins, which never existed but in the imaginations of weak heads,) she relates in such an entertaining manner, and explains them so familiarly with observations of her own, that not a tongue moves while she is speaking, and every little heart beats with the pleasure which it receives.

Those little Misses, who would wish *to take Time by the forelock*, must endeavour to imitate the amiable Miss Thoughtful.

NUMBER XVI.
THE LOTTERY.

By Master Rubens.



THIS is a representation of the manner in which we drew our lottery ; and let me tell you, that this was the best of all lotteries, since

the tickets were all prizes, consequently no blanks. The scheme of our lottery was this ; every one paid weekly into the hands of our master the capital sum of one halfpenny. In six months time this amounted to a little estate, with which our master hastened up to London, and laid it out in a great variety of little books. We offered to accompany our master up to London, fearing he might be robbed on the road ; but he very pleasantly refused our offer.

On his return, he produced us a most elegant collection of curious books magnificently bound in gilt-paper, and embellished with an infinite variety of capital drawings. In short, they made so fine an appear-

ance, that of themselves they would have been sufficient to form the library of a nobleman.

Our master then proposed to divide these among us by way of lottery. The books were divided into as many parts or lots, as there were boys who subscribed, which happened at that time to be thirty. Thirty different numbers were then written on so many different pieces of paper, and each signed by our master's own hand, to prevent fraud being committed by any little knave, and these were called tickets. The head-boy chose first, and so on till the lowest scholar took the last.

The day being arrived in which the lottery was to be drawn, matters were conducted in the following

manner. The contents of each parcel of books were written on separate pieces of paper, and sealed up, each being of exactly the same size ; these were put into a satchel by themselves, and delivered to our master, who placed it near him. This was called the prize-bag. Then, on as many pieces of paper, of the same size, were written the same numbers as had been delivered out ; on one piece No. 1, on another No. 2, and so on to thirty. These were likewise sealed up, and put into another satchel, and delivered to our master.

This being done, the two satchels were then placed, each at the end of a long table, and two of the youngest scholars were appointed to draw the

whole, which was performed in the following manner. The young gentleman, who was placed at the number-bag, was ordered to put in his hand, and draw out one ; while the other, who was placed at the prize-bag, was ordered to do the same. Both the number and the prize were instantly thrown on the table, when our master first opened the number, which he declared to be No. 8 ; and then opened the prize, which proved to be the *Tea-Table Dialogues*, and *Juvenile Trials*. Master Sterling being in possession of the ticket No. 8, produced it, and received the prize. The next ticket drawn was No. 17, which proved to be the highest prize, as it was the *Circle of the Sciences*, a work of the highest

importance. The drawing of twenty thousand pounds could not have created a greater stir in Guildhall than this did among us. However, we were all very well pleased to find that this invaluable prize fell to the lot of Master Meanwell. In this manner was the whole finished, to the entire satisfaction of every adventurer ; for not one was heard to say, that he repented having denied himself a few plums and apples in laying out his money in this way.

The whole being finished, before we left the hall, our master thus addressed us :—“ My little pupils, life is but a lottery, in which every one wishes to gain the highest prizes, though but few can obtain them. Fortune seldom befriends those, who

are too idle to look after her ; and many things are attributed to that fickle dame, which proceed only from industry and unwearied application. Attend properly to your books, mind my admonitions, and let your little hearts glow with a generous warmth for those, at whose expence you are here supported ; and, when you grow up, it will be a chance, indeed, if you will ever have any reason to complain of the frowns of Fortune. Be cautious, however, how you look with indifference on those, who may not be so happy as yourselves ; you must not ill-naturedly suppose that misfortunes always arise from misconduct : the most prudent and virtuous frequently feel the iron rod of affliction,

when they have done nothing to merit it. With such partake of their grief, show yourselves ready to comfort and console them, and make this the general rule of your conduct, to treat others as you would wish yourself to be treated in the like situation.

NUMBER XVII.

LEAP-FROG.

By Master Godfrey Kneller.

I BELIEVE there is hardly any sport more generally admired, or more constantly practised, than Leap-Frog,

though there are many, which are not so liable to accidents.

The above Picture is a just representation of a scene, to which I was an eye-witness, and which ought to serve as a caution to every little boy fond of this sport. One evening in the holidays, being at home with my parents, I was looking out of the window into the street by moonlight. I then saw several boys playing together at this sport. One of them being more eager than the rest, took a long run, and pitched at the shadow of the boy, (over whose back he was to have jumped,) with an unusual spring; by which means his face was so terribly cut and bruised by the stones, that it

was some weeks before he could see even to read his book.

Though I am far from wishing to deprive young gentlemen of this sport, since I think it both wholesome and manly, yet I could wish they would be a little cautious in the pursuit of it. They should be particularly careful never to play at it on the stones, since the slightest accident there may be productive of the most serious consequences. A lawn, where the grass is kept properly mowed, is undoubtedly the only proper place for it.

I know several little boys, who are very fond of pitching at a great distance, in order to show their dexterity and activity. But this is very wrong; for, in the first place,

they may perhaps so hurt the boy, over whose back they jump, by pitching on it with so much violence, that he may feel the effects of it all the rest of his life, if it does not contribute to shorten it; and, in the next place, when any boy pitches at so great a distance, it is a chance if he does not either fall short or go beyond the mark he aims at; in which case there is great danger of his breaking his arm, dislocating his neck, or hurting his collar-bone. Is not this sufficient to deter any little boy from such practices as these?

There is another thing I have to complain of, which is worse than all, as it proceeds from design. I have seen some little boys, over whose back another has been jumping, rise

up on a sudden, and thereby throw the other backwards. At another time, as soon as they have seen the boy ready to pitch, instead of keeping a firm back, they have sunk down flat, and thereby obliged the jumper to tumble over them.

Now both these practices are mean and unbecoming a young gentleman. We should indeed excuse them in those unhappy boys, who having parents that cannot bestow on them a liberal education, are incapable of any great ideas, and who, being suffered constantly to range about the streets, learn nothing but cruelty and naughtiness ; but in young gentlemen such actions are unpardonable. Were they to consider that such sport, as they call it, might be

the death of a school-fellow, and perhaps of a favourite one too, they would certainly carefully avoid the accidents which might arise from hence, by never acting in such an ungenerous manner as to give room for them.

I cannot quit this subject without mentioning a word or two on that most dangerous and bad practice of jumping over posts in the streets. It is attended with so many accidents, and can afford such very little pleasure, that I am sure he should never be my companion, whom I knew to be fond of it. It is indeed such vulgar exercise, that I am glad to find it the favourite only of the most mischievous and idle boys.

NUMBER XVIII.

THE DREAMER,

A Fancy-Piece.—By Master Dormer.



THIS Picture represents to you the situation of many idle boys, who, instead of getting up early to their study, lie in bed till the sun burns

them out of it, and make this an excuse, that to consider things properly is half doing them. I own this maxim may hold good in one respect, that is, when it is attended with unwearied diligence. But look at the silly boy in the Picture, who, at nine in the morning, has *thought* himself again to sleep. He now fancies he sees castles in the air, which are raised on purpose for him. But how silly he will look, when he awakes and finds them all vanished !

Our usher tells me there are those, who, during their whole lives, may be called no better than dreamers : they rise early in the morning, and go to bed late, without having done any thing. To these people life is

a burthen, and indolence becomes the greatest fatigue, as every one will find, who gives way to sloth and idleness.

There is another kind of dreamers, who think all mankind asleep but themselves, and trick and cheat so cunningly, as they imagine, that they are beyond all discovery ; but this sort of dreamers are sometimes awakened out of their slumbers when they would most wish to be in them.

To be thoroughly awake in all our actions is a nice point ; for there are many who sham sleep only to deceive us ; that is, they plead ignorance of those things, with which they are well acquainted ; they say things, which they forget the next

moment, and promise you what they never intend to perform.

The most unhappy kind of dreamers, among little boys and girls, are those who give their mind to sloth and idleness, who do not love their book, who take no notice of what their parents or tutors say to them, and who have no ambition to excel in the polite arts. Such young folks, when they grow up and come into the world, will then awake from their dreams ; but, unhappily for them, it will then be too late, and they will have no chance left them of making any figure in the world.

Parents, says our usher, often encourage children to become dreamers,

by indulging them to excess in every thing, and by giving them to understand they are born to large fortunes, and have therefore little need of those accomplishments which are necessary to push them into the world. Now, this is a mistaken notion ; for he who has a large fortune has as much need of good education, as he who must either labour or starve. The latter must undoubtedly acquire knowledge, in order to procure him the necessaries of life ; and the former ought to be a scholar, in order to associate with gentlemen. We may therefore very reasonably conclude, that those who neglect learning in their youth, will in their old age always be dreamers.

I have this year gained the LAST premium ; and, if I do not the next season obtain the FIRST, I shall set myself down as a dreamer.

John Henry

FINIS.

The following New Books for Youth, printed and published by F. SKILL, may also be had in London of MESSRS. WHITTAKER AND Co., Ave-Maria Lane; SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, Stationers'-Hall Court; and W. JOY, St. Paul's Churchyard

The NATIONAL READER ; or Selections of Exercises in Reading and Speaking, intended to fill the same place in the schools of the United States, that is held in those of Great Britain by the compilations of Murray, Scott, Enfield, Mylius, Thompson, Ewing, and others, by JOHN PIERPONT, Compiler of 'The American First Class Book.' Boston, 1828. Re-edited by E. H. BARKER, Esq., of Thetford, Norfolk, for the use of English Schools, with an Appendix by the present Editor. Price 4s. 6d. bound.

"*Barker's National Reader.*—All interested in the education of youth, must feel highly indebted to Mr. Barker of Thetford, for his recent reprint, at a low price, of that excellent and popular School-book, by Mr. Pierpont, of Boston, in America, entitled *The National Reader*, being a selection of prose and verse exercises in reading and in speaking, from distinguished American, as well as from eminent British writers, upon the plan of the well-known and approved compilations of Murray, Scott, Enfield, Mylius, and others, in Great Britain, calculated for both sexes, with a valuable *Appendix* of his own, containing, in the manner of the American work, pieces in prose and verse, chosen with great judgment, and inculcating the best principles in morals and in religion."

Cambridge Independent Press, Sept. 5th, 1829.

The NEW FIRST CLASS BOOK ; or Exercises in Reading and Recitation, selected principally from modern authors of Great Britain and America, and designed for the highest class in public and private Schools. By JOHN PIERPONT, Minister of Hollis-street Church, Boston, Re-edited by E. H. BARKER, Esq. price 5s. 6d. bound.

"This book consists of a judicious selection of prose and poetical compositions, principally culled from modern writers of Great Britain and America. It will become popular as a School-Book."

The Sunday Times, May 9th, 1830.

"Without doubt, this book contains much that is new to us, and of unquestionable excellence. We are, in particular, much delighted with the extracts from some American authors little known in this country. With regard to its moral tendency, we may say of it as we did of the *National Reader*, that 'it breathes throughout a strain of genuine piety, enlarged philanthropy, and rational patriotism'"

Aberdeen Observer, July 30, 1830.

BIBLE GEMS, 12mo. 8s. boards, by the REV. JOHN STEWART, Curate of Sporle. Author of the *Resurrection*, &c. &c.

"Mr. Stewart has distinguished himself by several publications of extraordinary merit, both in prose and in verse; and lately, by a very ingenious work, entitled "*BIBLE GEMS*,"—which, though upon serious subjects, and written with appropriate gravity, is in the highest degree entertaining,—as entertaining, indeed, as any beautiful *Novel* or *Romance*."

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The Atlas, Febr. 7th, 1830.

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